

the little chicks. A "setting" was duly provided for by Ned.

"And when will the little darlings be ripe?" inquired the eager novice in rural ways.

"Well," responded Ned slowly with cold devoted serenity, "with warm weather, by morning."

"Oh, I shall be awake at daylight!" declared the excited enthusiast.

"So will I!" voted Ned, and was. At the weird hour of midnight he had substituted a new brood of their own for the setting.

Mr. Purtelle arrived at the end of the week. He stared hard at Edna, as she introduced Ned, as if he were some old-time chum. There was a closer acquaintance of the members of the family all around. One day the truant pair came home consciously flustered.

"I've asked her and I love her," Ned told Mr. Purtelle promptly.

"Humph!" growled Mr. Purtelle, good naturedly enough, "and what about the false pretences of cherries, eggs and the like?"

"Oh, that shows his kindly disposition, papa!" chirped in Edna. "I saw through the humbug of his 'lot law' and twelve hour chickens all the time, and he was so obliging—so anxious to please me, that I led him on because—why, because," acknowledged the blushing maid, "I—I loved him."

GIRDLES! EH, YES! KNITTED ONES AT THAT

The long waistline is with us again and no prodigal was ever more warmly welcomed than the "line of beauty" so long concealed under baggy coats and frocks.

The new waist line has brought the new girdle, a Parisian invention, and just because Paris women have the knitting craze they are knitting the new girdles, making them of mercerized silk in such glowing colors as American Beauty, electric green and rose color. Narrow velvet ribbon

laces the new waist zone, which, although it gives the wearer somewhat the effect of a corset, is an effective adjunct to a dress.—Betty Brown.



WARRANTED SUSPICION

"My wife was arrested yesterday."

"What for?"

"She got off a street car the right way and a policeman thought she was a man in disguise."—Puck.